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SQUARE.

NOT SO, JAY!

Mr. Jay Gould would fain persuade the public that his imperative need for rapid transit is sufficiently supplied by the truly admirable service which his elevated roads supply to locomoting New York.

Unfortunately for Mr. Gould miles of elegant argument and a network of beguiling sophistry is but as tinkling brass and gaudy cymbal in the face of a cold fact, painfully and constantly present to the person upon whom this fusillade of logic is turned. Hence you fail to convince, Mr. Gould.

We all know, every man, woman and child of us, that the "L" road most inadequately ministers to the need of rapid transit. We know, to our repeated sorrow, that we are used by the "L" road for its own advantage, and that it serenely disregards everything in our favor that it can. The "L" trains carry us from one point to another, and that is the sum total of its benefit.

We are stuffed into the cars like herring in a box; the cinders and smoke and inclement weather rush down upon us on the platforms of the cars; we are forced to pace wearily and chivalry up and down the bleak station platform, awaiting the tardy train, and we are treated like braves and under-servicing claimants of charity by the employees, from ticket-seller to brakeman.

We want rapid transit. The "L" road is miserably inefficient, and Mr. Gould is great but not an omnipotent hoodwinker.

THE LONG ISLAND MURDER.

The afternoon papers printed on Saturday an account of a murder committed on Long Island. The victim was reported to be a beautiful Hungarian girl, whose remains were so mutilated as to be unrecognizable. The account came from the Union Press Exchange, which furnishes Long Island news to most of the New York papers. The EVENING WORLD used the story in its earlier editions, but telegraphed to a special correspondent, who visited the scene and turned in the true facts, which were printed in the Evening World Sporting Extra. These were that the victim was not a woman but a man, and the cause was not love and jealousy, as the Union Press Exchange was pleased to announce, but was from spite.

It is the aim of all our newspapers to print accurate news, and it is rare that they are imposed upon. In the present instance the inaccuracy is more to be deplored, as some of the afternoon papers had no late extras in which to give the true facts.

CAPTAIN OSHEA.

Unfortunately the appearance of Captain OSHEA in print, in an attempt to vindicate himself from the aspersions which have been cast upon him by Mr. HEALY, to the effect that he had been in his wife's honor to secure his political advancement, will not have the effect of disposing everybody of the idea that such a man would be so easily deceived. To the average mind, it will seem incredible that Capt. OSHEA was ignorant of the way things were going, and to a high-minded honor even the appearance of collusion, which to such an honor would have been suggested, would have been resolutely avoided.

If Capt. OSHEA is innocent of all complicity he should move heaven and earth to prove it. Every honest man will view his victory with satisfaction.

POETIC JUSTICE.

In the midst of daily news there are often stories which for dramatic interest and vivid novelty surpass the inventions of the most hectic of romancers. Sometimes the heroic injustice of things actually make the heart ache, but occasionally there is a pregnant touch of relief in that what is right and just is brought to pass.

An instance of poetic justice is given to-day. A son not overburdened with the piety which cherishes the silver halo of an around a parent's head yielded and repeatedly shot his aged father. Years after, the son was found frozen stiff in the bitter cold of a winter morning only a short distance from where his father had pleaded for mercy at the mouth of his revolver.

This is poetic justice. None need regret this miscreant's proper fate.

EXIT, THE INDIANS.

The redskin nuisance has subsided. The bubbling cauldron of the Northwest, which was reduced to a tepid simmering by the death of SITTING BULL, has even ceased to simmer.

Good. To stamp them out with the iron heel of war would have meant the ignominious shedding of good white blood. It is a blessing that such a deplorable event has been avoided.

Now, if we could only conduct our Indian affairs with a method which would not make every decent American blush for shame, it would be another great cause for thanksgiving.

Possibly the idiots who fool with matrimony through a senseless idea of humor and awaken to the ghastly fact that they are man and wife, are not quite as fully to be reprobated as those other perennial imbeciles who monkey with a loaded gun, which "they didn't know," and the rest of

it. Possibly. The grim facility with which matrimony can go on is not as keenly appreciated as the delightful ease with which a gun can go off, and hence the room for doubt. But oh! what a dear lesson they get who thus trifle with the yoke of Hymen. To be married with your eyes open is solemn enough, but to rush into it with airy blindness—Umpf!

The West seems to be making a record for achievements in the line of what may be styled fairy mechanics. The Aerial Navigation Company, of Chicago, has not been heard from lately, but \$20,000,000 capital invested in that plant seems to argue a serious conviction. Now Detroit has rivalled JULES VERNE'S concept of the Nautilus, with which Capt. Nemo did his submarine voyaging. Most people do not care to have the boat they are in get under water, but to be able to do this and return in a comfortably sanitary condition to the surface is a feat, and Detroit claims to have accomplished it. Well, every triumph of invention lengthens the stretch of the American Eagle's pinions.

New Yorkers wake up quickly to know enough on the ground for nothing. The boulevard and other driving streets were alive with cutters, drovies and everything on runners yesterday. A spin in the crisp, tingling air to the merry jangle of bells is invigorating. It makes young blood tingle, and even the thin sanguineous currents of age take on a bubbling color from the sport. Then the glass of "hot Scotch" at the road house is a rose-colored incident in the joyous course.

That stately porcine, the American Hog, has invaded the shores once sought by the pious Eneas and his Trojan bucks. With them it was a question of saving their bacon; with us of profitably losing the same. On, gentle porker, on to the Ansonian shores!

Anybody who will spring spurious lymph on the market should be filled with it till he is as lumpy as the frog of Calaveras County. There are some frauds too vile for words.

The party of Congressmen engaged in shooting ducks in Virginia doubtless find that holiday sport superior to shooting legislative rapids in Washington.

It is announced that Congress is likely to accomplish little or nothing before Jan. 5. This is giving the fervor of New Year resolutions time to subside.

President HARRISON is said to have a strong conviction that Indiana's Republican machine, if not its heart, will still be true to him.

Big Foot and his hostile braves have surrendered. This was a big step for Big Foot.

SPOTLETS.

A paper publishes a humorous cut of "Beattie after the Mizzard." The humor consists in representing Beattie as after saying that diffies the streets.

Apocryphal to the citation there is an inviolable sign on every dirty street. "Hans off."

The man who believes that "All's fair in love and war" in reality gets there for half-fare.

There are moments when the funny man thinks of the underlying business as a widely business life of idyllic pleasure.

Although added reason flings. He looks at you so dead. This is the name on the things. He cannot understand.

There must have been something crooked about little Jack Horner when he pulled out a plum.

"Dear me," said Goodwood, as he went into the young rector's study after Christmas, "this looks as if you were a lost rest."

A kiss thrown by a young woman may be wasted, but is not thrown away.

Is American sport in its decadence? No race field on account of that little spitter of weather, Shamus.

As the year narrows to its end the times get more and more meditative.

WORLDLINGS.

The Australian canibal has a discriminating taste. It does not eat the flesh of a white man, because it is too hot. The flesh of the Chinese, however, is chiefly rice and vegetables, is highly prized by him. The natives do not eat persons of their own tribe.

Prof. Koch takes a horseback ride at three o'clock every afternoon. This is his only means of exercise. Koch is a horse lover and he is at work in the hygienic institute.

The German Kaiser runs every morning at 7. He takes a cold shower bath, is shaved and shampooed, and by 7.15 is ready for breakfast with the Empress.

The chief gown worn by the Austrian Empress is a straight, black, plain skirt with a bodice in a Swiss peasant's. Over this she wears a loose jacket which she changes three times a day. The material varies with the temperature.

Queen Victoria is only 4 feet 8 inches in height.

Farwell Letter of a Bookkeeper.

Dear Young Lady—Since you have transferred your love to another, I have closed my account with you. I find myself your creditor by 30 cents, which I expect to see you, and which I now have to put down to profit and loss.

No Use for a Husband.

He pointedly—Have you ever thought of marrying?

She—No, I have a parrot that can swear.

Sold His Privilege.

"I'd give \$5 if I hadn't this railroad pass."

"I'd like to take this blamed train for being so late."

A Subtle Insinuation.

"Do you think Mr. Prechew was justified in speaking of Mr. Stoman in that way?" asked she.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Hat, Muff, Cape and Bag Must Match—A Cooking Club for the "400"—Take the Artist's Advice.

To be extremely stylish the hat, muff, small cape or collar, and bag must match. In this case, of course, the bag, like the rest of the set, is made of velvet, flowers, feathers and, very likely, tinsel, intended for fun, bonbons, etc., and is for evening or reception wear exclusively.



A large portion of the winter jackets is made with one cloth waistcoat attached to the open upper coats at the side seams, and although there is a demand for the close three-quarter models, these are shorter fashions, a trifle longer in front than at the back. They are lined with medium full sleeves, arched high collar and fur trimmings. The majority run on these lines, and advantage equally well a slight or stout figure, giving a certain vagueness to its outlines. In appearance these coats are stylish and are capable of supporting a variety of trimmings.

The prettiest inkstand and penholder shown this season is Chinese in ornamentation. To get ink you must open the back of the head of the image, and to wipe your pen use the fan of many colored silk gauze which the image holds. The inside of the hand contains a box of pens.

Bones facile has captured the girls of merry England. It is a most fascinating work, a kind of new relief modelling in metal, which can afterwards be colored or not and gemmed. It is very easy, but little instruction is required, and has great beauty when done.

Dame Humor has it that a club is to be formed among the younger members of New York's "Four Hundred," called the Improvement Club, and cooking is to be one of the subjects discussed; of course only discussed, not practiced. But the members of this novel society think it high time they understood that department of their households. If such society can be made successful, we shall have every housekeeper her own mentor and as familiar with the kitchen as with the parlor, every house well kept, every table carefully furnished and served, husbands contented, children happy and sweet-tempered, less intemperance, fewer divorces, and New York's portion of the terrestrial globe will be a little Utopia.

A hairdresser, a modiste or a milliner, if a true artist, can tell at a glance what style is most becoming to one, and the verdict should be a decisive one.

A pretty story is told of Adeline Patti's treatment of her dependents. A confidential maid, very trustworthy and very ugly, had a birthday anniversary recently, and it became known that the diva intended to celebrate this event. Many presents were purchased, and she was invited beforehand that every one in the household should like the maid. The delighted Caroline was brought in to survey her presents, and she was amazed by every person present, including the great diva herself.

There is no more delicious snack than one of lavender flowers for unwearying or bed-linen. It is one of the least expensive of sachets, and, though faint, is peculiarly refreshing and soothing to the nerves. Lavender used to be grown in old gardens, but, like most English garden herbs, it does not always survive our uneven climate, with its alternate periods of frost and thawing in winter. The plant cannot be obtained now, and flowers are bought, well tell you that the herb the advertiser as lavender is not the genuine English flower, but a lavender balm with a name in common with the true lavender but a name.

Kate Chase Sprague is still a fine-looking woman. She looks ten years younger than she really is, and she works as hard as any woman in Washington. She is writing a life of her father, and her work will be full of unbroken history.

One sees a wooden curtain-pole ring and the rings that are used for towel racks and wonders how they are ever made so for so little money. It is done through the almost human intelligence of modern factory mechanism. A block of wood is put under a turner. Four, five or six large rings, according to the depth of the block, are ground out of it, leaving an inner circular disk as waste. This block is then turned under a smaller size turner and as many more smaller rings are produced. What is left is again utilized, and so on and on, until they are down to the smallest size possible. These rings are used for no end of purposes. They are used up in roughing or caught up against the wall as a white-board holder. They are cut in half and form carved legs for hat-racks. They are hung from a rod and used for towel racks. They are arranged side by side, clover-leaf shape and serve as tops for umbrella stands. There is no end to the use of them.

His Choice.

Friend Frank (showing off his boy before company)—"My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?"

Little son (after meditation)—"I'd rather be Edison."

"Why?"

"'Cause he ain't dead."

Grave Cause for Suspicion.

Sagacious Employer—I fear, Mr. Toogood, I shall have to dismiss you with your services.

New Clerk—Yes, sir, but I have only been here a week, but have not during this time been thoroughly familiar to your interests.

Employer—Oh, you have been familiar enough and capable enough, but—

Employer—Well, I saw you take a postage stamp out of the drawer yesterday.

New Clerk—Yes, sir, but I put 2 cents in its place.

Employer—That's just what I can't understand. I gave you a dollar tag.

ABOUT LUNCHEES.

Putting Them Up an Art Not Generally Understood.

Nell Nelson Tells a Few Interesting Facts to Housewives.

A Daily Lunch Menu That May Be Worth Some Careful Consideration.

More than one-half the world lunches in a tin pal or a newspaper. School children, art students and tutors, together with the artisan, mechanic, apprentice, clerk and accountant bring what appetite they can to the noonday repast, which, at best is very bad.

Dr. Gunn, who attended the famous Tanner during his long diet on dew and sunlight, when asked the other evening what ailed the people, said: "The women are slowly killing themselves wearing tight dresses and small shoes, and the men and children are being killed with cold lunches that are neither nourishing nor digestible."

The suave and dapper Dr. Taylor, known to every habitue of Saratoga Springs, says that "if the average lunch was put up and then put down in the most convenient garbage box, the health of the industrial world would be vastly better than it is. Nature is a most adaptable dame, and would, if required, run the alimentary department on a good breakfast and a big hot dinner after the day's work."

Putting up lunches as a fine art is not generally understood. Like tying a cravat, playing the piano and raising babies, one must have a talent for the work. A couple of slices of bread and butter, a handful of stringy chipbeef and a piece of soggy pie is no more a lunch for a civilized being than tulle is suitable for a savage woman's dress.

In the first place it is not palatable, and in the next it is not refreshing. Pie is a composition that should have no place between the oven and the table. It can't be carried in a paper package and is not fit to eat the day after being made. There is just as much nutriment in cooper's chips or carpenter's shavings as there is in dried beef, and a great deal less expense. Eliminate the bread and butter, and the very best place for a mess of this sort is in the garbage box. There it can't do much harm, while in a human stomach it not only produces indigestion but does violence to the temper of the consumer, it robs him of the sunshine and sweetness of amiability, and sends him home to jaw his wife and frighten his little children.

If a woman must put up lunches it will pay her to make a study of the art, not only for the reign of peace but the preservation of health and the economy of home.

Now, you can't provide a lunch for nothing—understand that at the start. If your small boy or big husband is not too proud to carry a basket it will be very easy to find a couple of little glasses in which preserved fruit, salad, marmalade or savory kash can be packed.

But the average man and child abhors a basket; he wants the freedom of his hands to hold a newspaper or hang on a strap in a street car, and if it comes to a choice between lunch and convenience, the former will be sacrificed every time. That this is the case can be proved by the bushels of bread and butter, cookies and luscious meat daily picked up in the ferry boats, steam cars and street cars that carry the children of toil to the business sections of the city.

To properly wrap up the lunch the housekeeper must provide herself with a stock of paper. It will be a saving of linen to buy Chinese napkins. By the use of oiled paper the bread and butter will remain soft, moist and sweet for several days, if necessary. For the outside cover get a light weight of wrapper paper, such as druggists' use, and a box of elastic bands or a ball of fine cord.

A little observation in general shop-filing, coupled with practice, will enable the lunchmaker to do up a very tidy parcel. And just here it may be pertinent to say that the appearance of a package has much to do with the enjoyment of its contents. To be sure, if a man has an appetite like a snowed-in wolf, he can relish a diet of shoe pegs and sponge, but the worried, harassed, care worn and business-troubled husband or brother who pulls out a shapeless thing, done up in a piece of newspaper and black thread, has a feeling of disgust and an inclination to throw it out the window.

A sheet of nice, clean, amber-brown paper may be bought for a penny, and will cover with neatness and promise at least three lunches. So much for the casing. Now for the contents. Taste will, in a measure, direct the choice of foods, but it should be the pride of the housekeeper to get a different spread every day.

Here are the factors that will suggest new and toothsome compositions: Monday—Buttered biscuits; well-seasoned beefsteak cut in cubes the size of loaf sugar; olives; cheese sandwich; a pear, and a handful of nuts with one of the "Portuguese Sonnets."

Tuesday—Rolls cut in slices and dipped in melted butter; piece of Spanish mackerel and a section of lemon; one hard-boiled egg; a lady finger; bunch of grapes, and a poem from some magazine.

Wednesday—A Vienna roll, no butter; leg and breast of chicken and handful of clipped celery, well salted; a cup cake, juicy apple, story by Julian Hawthorne and a toothpick.

Thursday—Sliced bread and butter covered with salad; a couple of sweet pickles; some water crackers; a slice of walnut and a couple of toasted cheese; a seed cake; one peach and three chocolate creams, with some short story by Rudyard Kipling.

Friday—Sandwich made of baker's bread, toasted and buttered on both sides with the thinnest slice of rare roast beef seasoned

with horseradish and French mustard, and spread with a layer of grated toasted cheese sprinkled with Worcestershire or Tabasco sauce, one orange, slice of ginger-bread couple of figs and a copy of Book Chat.

Saturday—Buttered biscuit, spread with caviare; strip of bacon, small onion and a piece of hard tack; brandy peach, slice of sweet cake and a funny paper.

I am mindful that there is an appearance of lavish expenditure in the above, but it is only apparent. Olives may be bought for 15 cents, pickles for 30 cents and branded peaches for 50 cents a bottle, and the very smallest will afford a relish for at least a dozen lunches.

The choicest fruit in the market may be sampled for five or eight cents, which is not much to pay for a juicy pear or a perfect apple. Putting it on the basis of tobacco, it is cheaper than cigars and vastly better than rum.

At the delicatessen shops it is always possible to get small quantities of devilled meats, anchovy paste, sardines, minced salmon and lobster, pate de foie gras and headcheese. They are cheaper than beef-steak, more appetizing and easily prepared.

Occasionally a woodcock or snipe might be bought for the Saturday lunch, which should be the best of the six for reasons that every housewife will understand.

If these delicacies are beyond the means of the cook, there are other materials for a toothsome repast.

Men as a class like pickers, blisters, liver, oysters, kidneys, cheese, and eggs, and aside from being cheap they are but little trouble.

The fish should be carefully wrapped in oiled paper by themselves, and a few shreds of bacon are as essential to the liver as butter is to bread.

The number of oysters packed will depend on the willingness of the laborer to carry, but they should be left in the shell and accompanied by crackers and a bit of celery or watercress.

Kidney may be broiled and made spicy with a medley of condiments, and a very little practice and the exercise of taste will enable a woman to make a variety of pastes with cheese.

After toasting add celery sauce and mustard, or curry powder, with a dash of red and black pepper.

If the cheese is melted use a piece of butter, a little beer or porter if it is dry, and season the paste with pepper, salt, dry mustard, minced parsley or onion and a dash of hot sauce.

There are few people who do not spoil eggs in the boiling. Any way is not the right way. The fruit of the dairy should be put in a pint of cold water and cooked just like any other fruit.

Five minutes boiling will harden it, where a plunge in hot water toughens it. After cooking, cool in cold water, remove the shell, bisect it the long way, take out the yolk and, as the lady cooks says, "Put your taste in it."

In other words, press the yolk into a powder or paste, add a teaspoonful of melted butter and flavor with minced pickle, celery and cheese seasoned with pepper, salt, mustard and any sauce that may be at hand.

Fill the whites again and use them with biscuits for sandwiches.

Devilled biscuits may be made of all manner of things and eaten with relish if nicely compounded.

Put into a bowl bits of tender meat, pieces of pickled fish, scraps of liver and bacon, and pickled beets or onions. Mix as fine as possible, moisten with melted butter and sprinkle with curry powder, pepper and salt.

This, like hash, is a favorite paste with men, and makes an excellent sandwich.

All bread for lunches should be trimmed of the crust. If intended for toast cut an inch thick and have a very hot fire so as to brown the sides without baking it through. Butter while hot or dip in melted butter previously salted.

For soft sandwiches slice or shave the bread, and in cold weather spread with melted butter. Bread intended for the lunch baskets seems a little more inviting, cut in pieces as long as a man's finger and an inch thick.

Four sides may be buttered and the pieces pressed together.

By way of variety have rye bread sandwiches with tongue and mustard, sausage and chow chow or headcheese and Tabasco sauce.

Very nice sandwiches can be made for dessert with sponge cake or any unsweetened loaf spread with preserved quince, peach or pear. Jellies and jams are nice to think about, but applied to bread and butter they have no more character than marmalades.

A cold lunch at best is a poor apology for a meal, and unless prepared with care it is worthless so far as nourishment goes, and positively baneful in its influence on the liver and morals of the man who downs it.

NELL NELSON.

HORSES MADE INSANE.

The Loco Weed a Great Evil to Western Horse Owners.

A. W. Riddle, of Colorado Springs, in one of the great weekly papers, says one of the greatest evils that horse-breeding have to contend with in Colorado is a little, insignificant weed known as the loco weed. It is not two inches high, and runs along the ground for several feet from the roots.

All animals eat it, for the most part with impunity, but if a horse eats any quantity of it his value is destroyed. It does not seem to affect his bodily health at all, as an animal that gets a heavy dose of the weed will live for years in excellent physical condition, but its effects are felt on the brain.

Within a week or two the horse's nature seems to change, he becomes foolish, and in a short time is hopelessly insane. The effect is very much like that which eating toxic substances has on men, but it is permanent, and an animal that has once been "locoed" never recovers.

A horse thus afflicted is as strong and can run as fast as ever, but no one can tell what he will do. He may stampede at the sight of a load of hay, may balk at any moment, and is likely to become frightened at the most ordinary sounds.

THE COSSACK AND THE WILY TURK;

Or, the Origin of "Jack in the Box."

(From Life.)

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THE CLEANER.

The custom of ordering lard for the Sunday dinner has increased enormously. It is quite the common thing now. I know one caterer whose average Sunday orders for lard are about 1,500. He is the inventor of the *Fourth* surprise, as he puts it, in a hard froze, in shell. The unsaturated lard is cracked open the ice with his spoon, until a plying housewife calls the attention to a line around the ice where it can be opened.

The Manhattan Athletic Club are starting in very pleasant. They are going to have an art show at their building, and the pictures for which the pictures were collected last week. Harry Walrons is in charge of the collection, which is enough to insure an interesting exhibition.

I was struck the other day by the excellent site for an art store which Huntington, the Broadway dealer, has shown. His place is on Broadway and the long passage which leads from that thoroughfare to